GREGG ARAKI'S

TEEN APOCALYPSE TRILOGY

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TOTALLY F***ED UP

another homo movie by gregg araki

MORE TEEN ANGST IN 15 RANDOM CELLULOID FRAGMENTS

A delirious mix of punk nihilism and deadpan irony, the first film in Gregg Araki's Teen Apocalypse Trilogy puts an audaciously queer spin on Jean-Luc Godard's classic *Masculin féminin*. Across fifteen jagged episodes, *Totally F***ed Up* plunges headlong into the lives of a group of queer, disaffected Los Angeles teenagers who form a kind of make-shift family as they navigate desire and heartbreak, societal and familial rejection, and the alienation of growing up gay in an era of relentless moralizing. Both a defiantly raw anthem of outsiderhood and a furious reckoning with all-American homophobia, Araki's answer to the 1980s teen comedy captures youthful angst with an immediacy that still bruises.

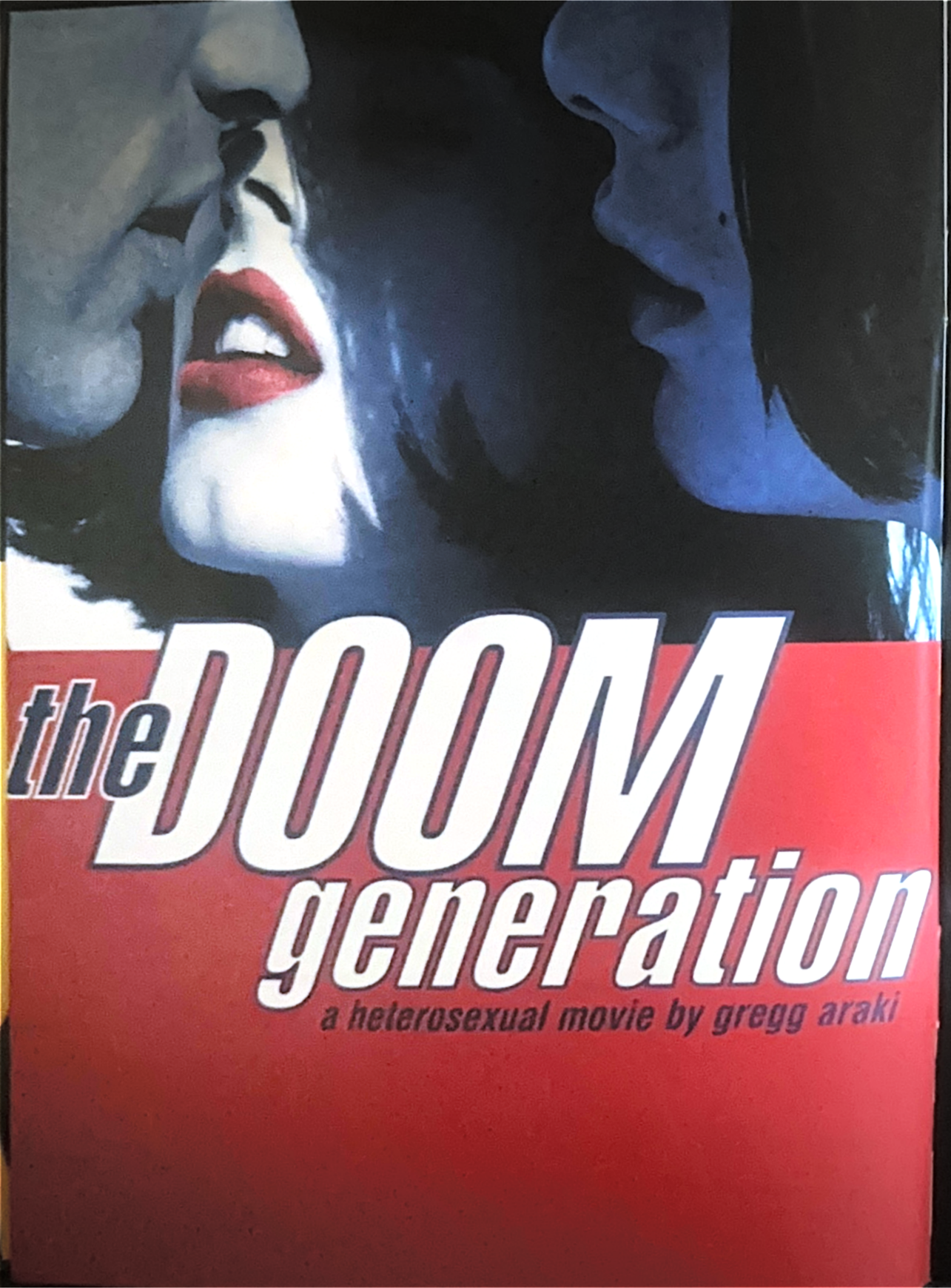
CAST

Andy JAMES DUVAL
Tommy ROKO BELIC
Michele SUSAN BEHSHID
Patricia JENEE GILL
Steven GILBERT LUNA
Deric LANCE MAY
Ian ALAN BOYCE

CREDITS

Written, directed, shot, and edited by GREGG ARAKI
Produced by ANDREA SPERLING, GREGG ARAKI
Associate producer ALBERTO GARCÍA
Lighting TODD VEROW, PRYOR PRACZUKOWSKI
Production sound MARIANNE DISSARD
Do-it-all Jesus ERIC NAKAMURA
Postproduction sound design ALBERTO GARCÍA, MUSCLE + HATE STUDIOS
Additional sound LAUREL WACO
Deric's paintings by KATHLEEN JOHNSON

STRAND RELEASING presents a DESPERATE PICTURES · BLURCO · MUSCLE + HATE PRODUCTION
MORE TEEN ANGST ANOTHER HOMO MOVIE BY GREGG ARAKI IN 15 RANDOM CELLULOID FRAGMENTS
featuring JAMES DUVAL ROKO BELIC SUSAN BEHSHID JENEE GILL GILBERT LUNA LANCE MAY ALAN BOYCE
soundtrack includes MINISTRY, THIS MORTAL COIL, UNREST, BABYLAND, THE WOLFGANG PRESS, HIS NAME IS ALIVE, COIL
produced by ANDREA SPERLING GREGG ARAKI directed, written, shot, and edited by GREGG ARAKI



Gregg Araki takes a road trip to hell in this wild, meth- and fast-food-fueled joyride through the margins of a menacing American wasteland. When they inadvertently link up with a dangerously alluring drifter (Johnathon Schaech), a chilled-out Cali bro (James Duval) and his spiky, foulmouthed girlfriend (Rose McGowan) find themselves on an increasingly violent, kinky, and darkly comic journey in which erotic tensions rise along with the body count. Working with a significant budget for the first time, Araki employs boldly stylized lighting and art direction to create a heightened sense of unreality in a shocking, shoegaze-soundtracked chronicle of young lives careening toward oblivion.

CAST

Jordan White JAMES DUVAL
Amy Blue ROSE McGOWAN
Xavier Red JOHNATHON SCHAECH

CREDITS

Writer, director, and editor GREGG ARAKI
Produced by ANDREA SPERLING, GREGG ARAKI, WHY NOT PRODUCTIONS (FRANCE)
Director of photography JIM FEALY
Production designer THÉRÈSE DePREZ
Costume designer CATHY COOPER
Art director MICHAEL KRANTZ
Hair and makeup JASON RAIL
Associate producers JIM STARK, SHELLEY SURPIN
Producer for UGC YVES MARMION
Executive producers NICOLE ARBIB, PASCAL CAUCHETEUX, GRÉGOIRE SORLAT

STRAND RELEASING, U G C ... THE TEEN ANGST MOVIE COMPANY ... DESPERATE PICTURES, BLURCO ... WHY NOT PRODUCTIONS (FRANCE)
JAMES DUVAL ROSE McGOWAN JOHNATHON SCHAECH IN "THE DOOM GENERATION" ... CATHERINE COOPER THOMAN ... JASON RAIL
THERÈSE D PREZ ... JIM FEALY ... ANDREA SPERLING, GREGG ARAKI ... WHY NOT PRODUCTIONS (FRANCE) ... GREGG ARAKI

You can practically smell the pheromones wafting off this kaleidoscopic odyssey, which finds director Gregg Araki crossing soap-operatic elements with blasts of science fiction, indie-kid cool, and shiny pop-art subversion. On the day when the world is foretold to end, a group of terminally horny, disillusioned, zonked-out teens in Los Angeles see their lives explode in a glitter bomb of drugs, sex, death, and alien abduction. Bisexual lust, vaporizing Valley girls, sinister televangelists, nipple-ring S&M, murder by Campbell's-soup can—Araki folds it all into an anarchic orgy that brings his Teen Apocalypse Trilogy to an explosively caustic close.

CAST

Dark JAMES DUVAL
Mel RACHEL TRUE
Montgomery NATHAN BEXTON
Kriss CHIARA MASTROIANNI
Kozy DEBI MAZAR
Lucifer KATHLEEN ROBERTSON
Zero JOSHUA GIBRAN MAYWEATHER
Alyssa JORDAN LADD

Dingbat CHRISTINA APPLEGATE
Egg SARAH LASSEZ
Cowboy GUILLERMO DIAZ
Bart JEREMY JORDAN
Handjob ALAN BOYCE
Teen idol JAASON SIMMONS
Shad RYAN PHILLIPPE
Lilith HEATHER GRAHAM

Ducky SCOTT CAAN
Elvis THYME LEWIS
Zoe MENA SUVARI
Moses Helper JOHN RITTER
Mr. Sighvatssohn CHRISTOPHER KNIGHT
Mrs. Sighvatssohn EVE PLUMB
Alien ROSCOE

CREDITS

Writer, director, and editor GREGG ARAKI
Producers GREGG ARAKI, ANDREA SPERLING, WHY NOT PRODUCTIONS (FRANCE)
Director of photography ARTURO SMITH
Production designer PATTI PODESTA
Costume designer SARAJANE SLOTNICK

Assistant costumer MARIA BRADLEY
Hair and makeup JASON RAIL
Art direction by DAN KNAPP, PAE WHITE
Set decoration by JENNIFER M. GENTILE
Casting by KAREN MARGIOTTA, MARY MARGIOTTA, RICK MONTGOMERY, DAN PARADA

STRAND RELEASING ... DESPERATE PICTURES/BLURCO/WHY NOT PRODUCTIONS (FRANCE) ... GREGG ARAKI ... "NOWHERE"
... JAMES DUVAL RACHEL TRUE NATHAN BEXTON CHIARA MASTROIANNI DEBI MAZAR KATHLEEN ROBERTSON JOSHUA GIBRAN MAYWEATHER
JORDAN LADD CHRISTINA APPLEGATE SARAH LASSEZ GUILLERMO DIAZ JEREMY JORDAN ALAN BOYCE JAASON SIMMONS RYAN PHILLIPPE
HEATHER GRAHAM SCOTT CAAN THYME LEWIS MENA SUVARI ... RICK MONTGOMERY DAN PARADA, C.S.A. MARY MARGIOTTA KAREN MARGIOTTA
... PATTI PODESTA ... ARTURO SMITH ... BUDD CARR ... PETER M. COQUILLARD ... NICOLE ARBID
PASCAL CAUCHETEUX GREGOIRE SORLAT ILENE STAPLE ... ANDREA SPERLING GREGG ARAKI WHY NOT PRODUCTIONS (FRANCE) ... GREGG ARAKI

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A NOTE FROM GREGG ARAKI

I can't believe the Teen Apocalypse Trilogy is getting the deluxe Criterion Collection box-set treatment! I am so thrilled and humbled—this is literally a dream come true.

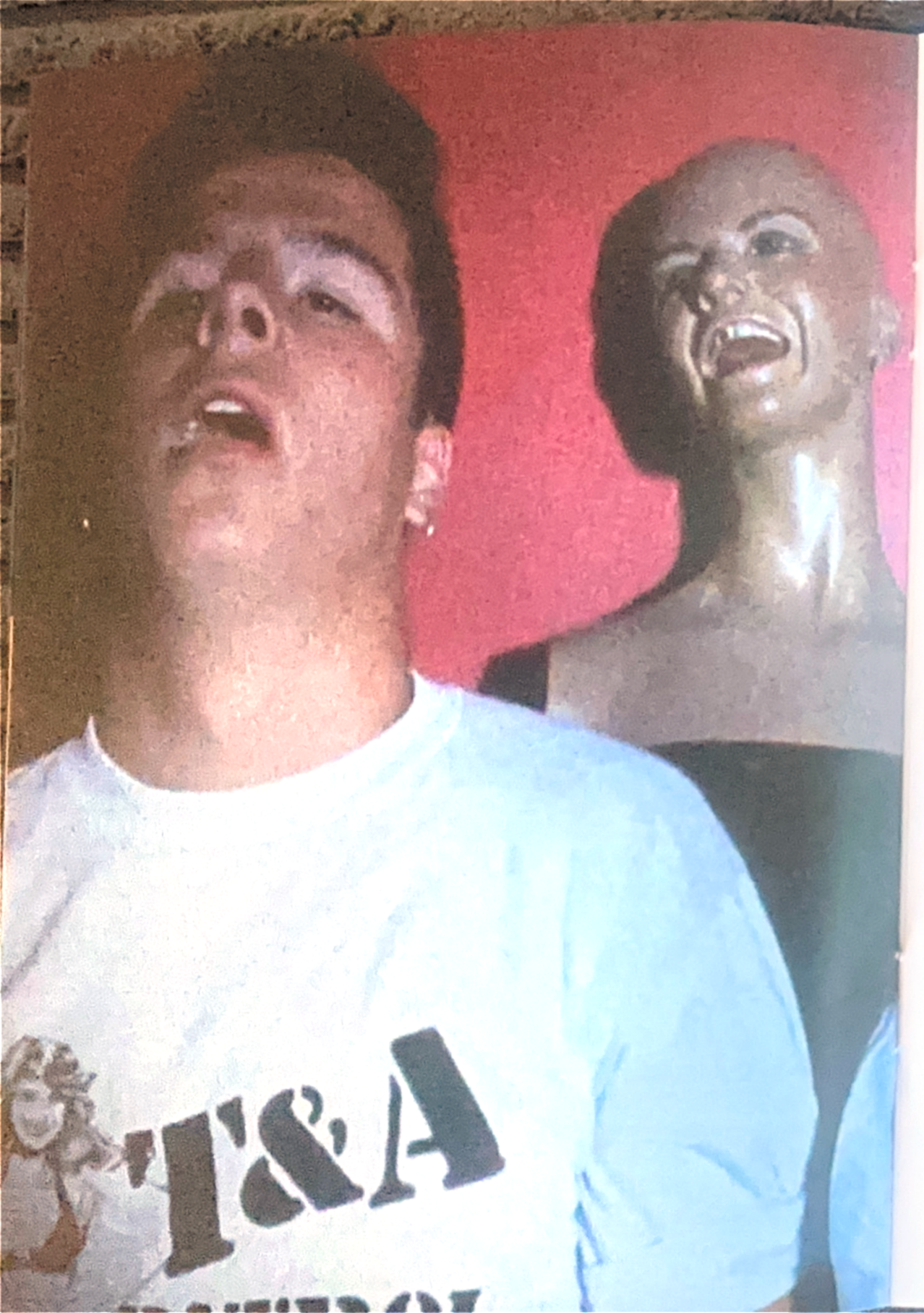
The fact that these feisty queer-punk art films, made as labors of love nearly three decades ago, have resonated with so many people for so long blows my mind. And it's even crazier considering that all this time they've been available only through crappy VHS copies, YouTube uploads, and Russian torrents, and in versions butchered by censors and the MPAA. Thank God (and Marcus Hu and Jon Gerrans of Strand Releasing) we were finally able to create restored, remixed, and remastered 4K versions of *The Doom Generation* and *Nowhere,* which should finally send all those old, washed-out, pan-and-scan copies to a well-earned grave.

In 2023, when Strand Releasing distributed these gorgeous restorations of *Doom* and *Nowhere* in theaters, Jimmy Duval and I attended sold-out screenings across the country. While on this mini-tour, we met so many fans who told us how much these movies mean to them and the impact they've had on their lives. It made both Jimmy and me realize there really is no greater accolade we could ever hope for, and how grateful we are for the love and support these films have inspired.

So we wanted to do something special to honor the fans, and tried to put together what I hope is the Criterion box set to end all box sets! Beyond the remastered 4K restorations of *Doom* and *Nowhere,* and the usual beautiful new Criterion artwork, we filmed Jimmy and me digging through his "memory lane" archive of materials from the films, recorded a new commentary featuring a ton of the *Nowhere* cast, shot a bunch of making-of crew interviews, and even unearthed never-before-seen outtakes from Stéphane Sednaoui's *Nowhere* photo shoot for *Details* magazine. This edition is a veritable time capsule, and a trip back to the crazy, wonderful nineties, when a merry band of outsiders got together and said, "Let's make a fucking movie!"

We hope you enjoy.

Love,
Gregg



NO FUCKS GIVEN

By Nathan Lee

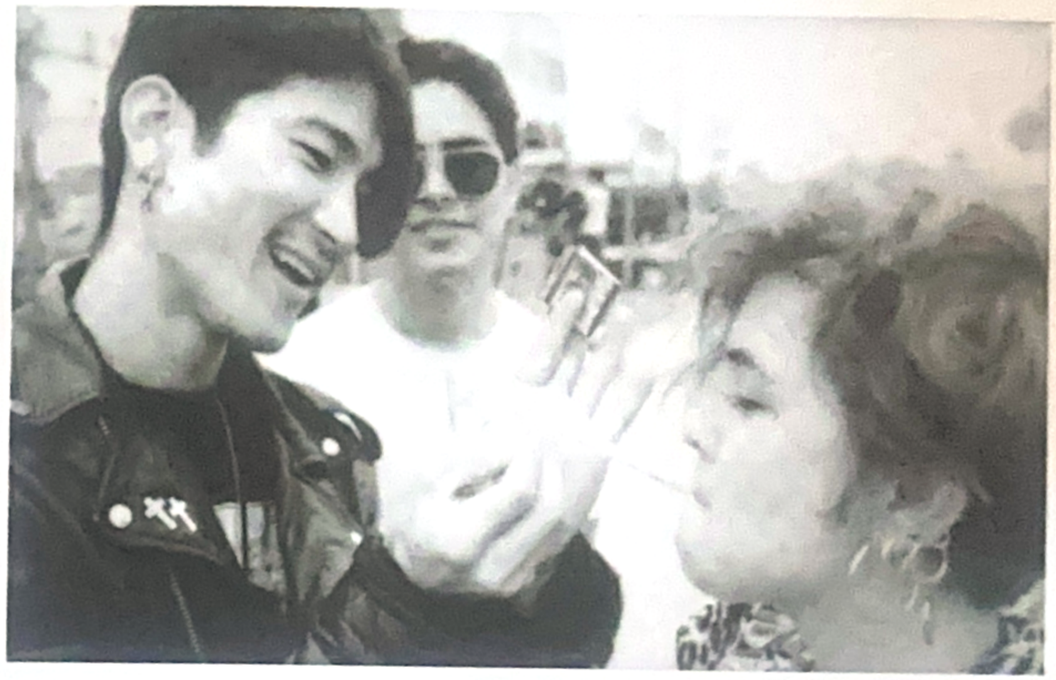
In 1992, critic and scholar B. Ruby Rich reported in the *Village Voice* on an emerging sensibility that she termed "the New Queer Cinema." Applied to the films of Todd Haynes, Derek Jarman, and Tom Kalin, among others, this label has stuck (though I prefer another rubric proposed in the article: "Homo Pomo"). Rich described these works as "breaking with older humanist approaches" and giving vent to a corresponding wildness of tone and form that was "irreverent, energetic, alternately minimalist and excessive." To this list of adjectives, I would add *horny.* If a large part of what was new in the New Queer Cinema was the rejection of a model of representation that was "good for the gays," there was also an emboldened insistence that queer people fuck—and fucking, in the early nineties, was an act whose practices needed to be rethought and whose imperatives had to be reasserted in the face of calamity.

By 1992, AIDS had been decimating the gay community for a decade and was the number one cause of death for American men between the ages of twenty-five and forty-four. In October of that year, ACT UP staged the first of its Ashes Actions: members of the activist group stormed the White House fence and threw the remains of loved ones on the lawn. Coursing through the fury and loss of this turbulent era were new intellectual and cultural forces. Queer theory was all the rage, as exemplified by the notion of gender performativity introduced in Judith Butler's field-defining 1990 monograph *Gender Trouble.* Elsewhere in the landscape of early-nineties identity politics,

Madonna appropriated the underground ball culture of Black and brown queer communities in her hit single "Vogue": *Look around, everywhere you turn is heartache.* And in 1991, Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit" scored a hit with a rather more confrontational ethos: *I feel stupid and contagious.*

Among the films discussed in Rich's article is *The Living End* (1992), by Los Angeles director Gregg Araki. With an MFA from the University of Southern California and two microbudget features under his belt—*Three Bewildered People in the Night* (1987) and *The Long Weekend (O' Despair)* (1989)—Araki had already garnered critical attention before his breakout third feature premiered at the Sundance Film Festival. This tale of two HIV-positive men who hit the road after killing a homophobic cop was celebrated for its mix of punk attitude, bold stylization, and exuberant nihilism, which put a nineties twist on the conventions of the outlaw road movie: think *Bonnie and Clyde* meets ACT UP, or Thelma and Louise driving off a cliff to Nine Inch Nails. Rich praised the way Araki channeled the energies of the French New Wave into a resolutely contemporary context; for her, *The Living End* was "quintessentially a film of its time."

Steeped in a milieu of death, cultural ferment, and semiotic tumult, Araki proceeded to create a trio of deliriously profane films that glared at American youth culture and gave zero shits if it looked back. *Totally F***ed Up* (1993), *The Doom Generation* (1995), and *Nowhere* (1997)—collectively known as the Teen Apocalypse Trilogy—take certain stylistic cues from Jean-Luc Godard's youth movies of the sixties but are more decisively marked by Araki's highly specific subcultural sensibility. His tribe of misfits pledge allegiance to the codes of goth, punk, industrial, and shoegaze music; they are styled in Doc Martens, torn black jeans, leather chokers, BDSM cuffs, ironic crucifixes, and bejeweled silver skulls. Everyone is queer, regardless of the gender they hook up with. All



sexuality in an Araki film is nonnormative, just as all politics are anti-assimilationist, and mainstream culture, even mainstream gay culture, is boring and dumb. In a paradigmatic scene from *Totally F***ed Up,* one gay character declaims: "Everything the homos are supposed to like—disco, Joan Crawford, drag shows—I hate. And Bette Midler. God, I fucking hate Bette Midler!"

The Teen Apocalypse Trilogy is for and about the kids who show up to PE class reading Dennis Cooper, who self-soothe by listening to Cocteau Twins, who yearn for connection and intimacy but inevitably retreat into the Gen X Weltanschauung of *whatever.* And if they're going nowhere, that's just another way to say they live in Los Angeles. Araki is one of the essential LA filmmakers and makes ingenious use of the city's derelict zones, its gas stations and parking lots, its local signage and landmarks. *Totally F***ed Up* works Tower Records and Blockbuster Video into its mise-en-scène with pop-art aplomb. Mini-marts are a key motif in *The Doom Generation.* And the funniest

I love you too, DARLING.

Blow it out your rectum, loser. We don't know you and we don't like you. You're fucking crazy and

bit in *Nowhere* entails a group of Valley girls gossiping at a bus stop—the most despondent locale imaginable in a car-dependent city—before they're vaporized by an alien (an entirely plausible entity in the City of Angels, a place forever on the edge of a godless Rapture). When the characters in Araki's films do venture out into the blaze of the California sun, it's never for long; they quickly scurry back to their natural habitat of ramshackle apartments, weird hotel rooms, and dank nightclubs. Swimming pools are less likely to be zones of leisure than of death. Joan Didion famously remarked that "Los Angeles weather is the weather of catastrophe, of apocalypse"—a sentiment the young people in this trilogy would surely cosign, though I'm sure they'd rather die than read her.

*Totally F***ed Up* is, as the title suggests, about teenagers hooking up, hanging out, doing drugs, and generally feeling bummed out and over it. Jaded and messy may be the eternal condition of the modern adolescent, but these particular rebels without a cause are screwed

several times over. Parceling out its attention across a group of friends and lovers with shifting allegiances, the movie doesn't so much tell a story as survey a mode of existence: being young and queer in the age of acid rain and AIDS, safe sex and serial killers, Jesse Helms and Morrissey.

Divided into fifteen chapters interspersed with title cards (for example, "lifestyles of the bored and disenchanted," "teenagers in love," and "the alienation generation"), *Totally F***ed Up* has two main loci of attention. Steven (Gilbert Luna) is an aspiring filmmaker whose videographic interviews, confessionals, and bits of quotidian vérité—many featuring his boyfriend, Deric (Lance May)—are collaged throughout the film. Andy (James Duval), a baby-faced soft boy with floppy hair, is adrift on tides of moodiness and cynicism until he meets handsome, confident Ian (Alan Boyce), a sophomore studying filmmaking at UCLA. In the Arakiverse, love is hard to find, harder to keep, and prone to result in disappointment—and, not infrequently,

disaster. The happiest couple in the film is a pair of psychedelic-addled lesbians (Susan Behshid's Michele and Jenee Gill's Patricia) who, in the film's sole gesture toward a productive future, bust out a turkey baster for an insemination party with their gay besties.

Araki has cited Godard's *Masculin féminin* (1966) as a model for the fifteen-part structure of *Totally F***ed Up*, but the movie's behavioral performances and depiction of wasted time feel equally indebted to the forms of stylized queer lassitude developed by Andy Warhol and Rainer Werner Fassbinder. Duval emerges here as Araki's muse and would go on to star, with an increasingly potent screen presence, in *The Doom Generation* and *Nowhere*. Distinguished by his guileless charm, affable melancholy, and boyish, pansexual appeal, he is the perfect avatar for the mix of cynicism and sincerity that characterizes the trilogy. It's no surprise that he was cast as the enigmatic Frank the Rabbit in *Donnie Darko* (2001), director Richard Kelly's own riff on the doomsday adolescence of Gen Xers. Moreover, *Darko*'s use of supernatural tropes as a proxy for inarticulate generational angst echoes Araki's own turn toward outré surrealism as his oeuvre approached the millennium.

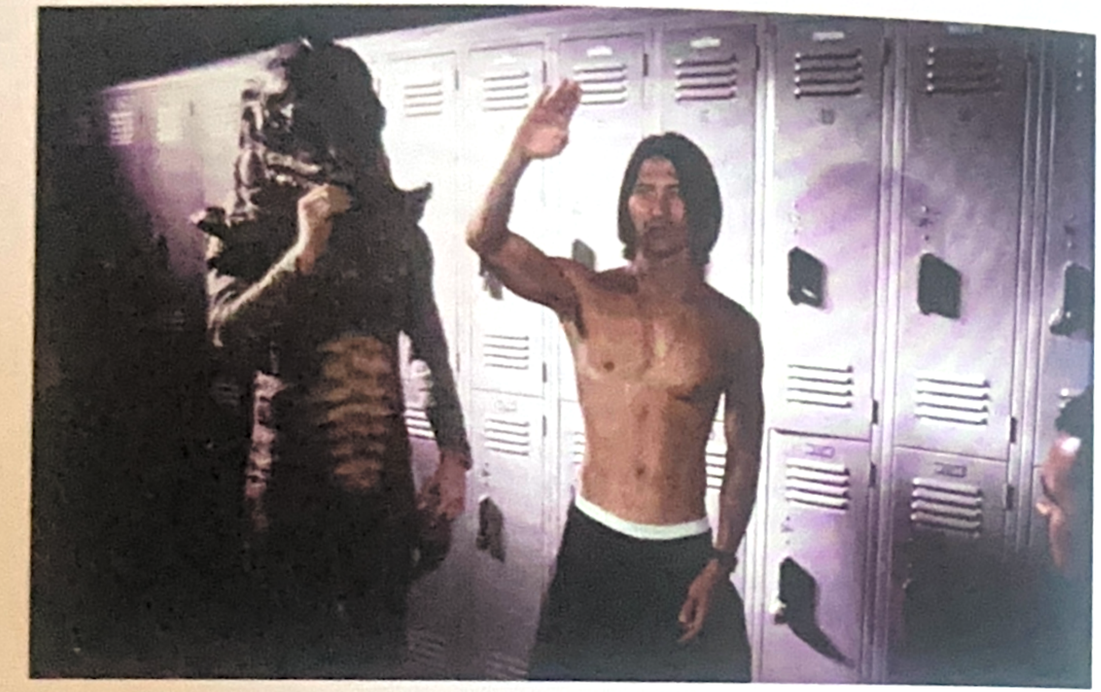
The Doom Generation reprises the road-movie template of *The Living End* while conjuring a new, feverish expressionism. If *Totally F***ed Up* asked, "Can this world really be as sad as it seems?" its successor answers that yes, it can—but which world are we talking about? *The Doom Generation* travels its own private highway to hell, burning rubber through a mindscape of outrageous ultraviolence and bizarre non sequiturs. It is both the funniest and the nastiest entry in the trilogy, turning its scurrilous tenor ever more *post*apocalyptic.

The story of a couple whose lives are thrown into chaos by an erratic bisexual freakazoid, *The Doom Generation* announces itself as "a heterosexual movie by Gregg Araki." This is only the first of many

perversities. The film opens in a stroboscopic nightclub, where Amy Blue (Rose McGowan) and Jordan White (Duval) thrash and pout to an industrial throb, and a sign on the wall reads "Welcome to Hell." Amy is speeding on meth; Jordan is itching to bait: "I feel like a gerbil smothering in Richard Gere's butthole." They head over to Heaven, a run-down drive-in theater populated by skaters, kids making out in cars, and one Xavier Red (Johnathon Schaech), a tumescent demiurge in a mock "D.A.R.E. to Keep Kids Off Drugs" shirt. Fending his way out of a brawl, Xavier flings himself into Amy's car. Red, White, and Blue duly assembled, the three tear off into the purgatorial American night. While Jordan is infatuated with the blood-soaked alpha male he calls X ("I can't really pronounce all that"), Amy is having none of it, and tosses the "jism-breath" "scum fuck" to the curb.

What follows is a frantic, frequently funny, and (surprise, surprise) increasingly fucked-up road movie set in motion by one of Araki's most uproarious set pieces. After the gang pulls into a Quickie Mart so Jordan can load up on processed meat slathered in radioactive cheese, things go sideways when he can't find his wallet and the shotgun-brandishing proprietor, named Nguyen Kok Suk (Dustin Nguyen), is leapt upon by Xavier. Despite the shrieking, machete-wielding intervention of the shopkeeper's wife (Margaret Cho), the gun goes off, and Kok Suk's decapitated head sails across the room and plops into the condiment bin, where it proceeds to gargle green sludge. Sometime later, the news will report that the head is still talking . . .

Now wanted for murder and on the run, the trio also have their own internal problems to deal with. Unleashing a ceaseless torrent of baroque vitriol ("I'm so pissed at you I could rip your testicles off and staple them to your ankles"), the meth-addled Amy is repeatedly accosted by men and women (notably including a character played by Parker Posey) who mistake her for a former lover. Attempts to ditch these malevolent weirdos are the primary engine of the narrative.



whose other chief concern is whether Amy's sexual romps with Xavier will find room for Jordan too. Araki's "heterosexual movie" is, in this regard, an exercise in bisexual edging in which the tension is consummated, in true apocalyptic form, by the incipient throuple's destruction at the hands of enraged neo-Nazis. The movie ends as it began, on the road to nowhere.

If such a volatile mix of pop provocation, graphic violence, and flagrant disregard for respectability politics was, to some extent, of its moment—*Pulp Fiction* and *Natural Born Killers* were released the year before—Araki's perspective remains that of an outsider. The racist buffoonery, outlandish violence, and blitzkrieg petulance of *The Doom Generation* are rooted in an oppositional stance distinct from the edgelord postures of midnineties filmmakers such as Quentin Tarantino and Oliver Stone, who, for all their provocations, were comfortably ensconced in the Hollywood machinery and (largely) embraced by its gatekeepers and tastemakers. In contrast,

The Doom Generation was purchased at Sundance by Samuel Goldwyn Films, despite its mixed reception from critics (several of whom walked out of the premiere), but soon thereafter was dumped, reportedly by Mr. Goldwyn himself, who was appalled when he got around to watching it. Picked up by Trimark, the movie "played for five minutes," as Araki would later bemoan.

Not entirely doomed to oblivion, *The Doom Generation* earned McGowan a well-deserved nomination for Best Debut Performance at the Independent Spirit Awards. Yet, for all the buzz around the New Queer Cinema and Araki's notoriety, the films of the Teen Apocalypse Trilogy have long retained the status of cult objects. In some cases, they have been difficult to see; *Nowhere*, long out of print, was for years watched by devotees on imported DVDs or unsanctioned internet platforms. More pointedly, the movies are, in any era, too weird, too disreputable, too *dangerous* for widespread acceptance.

For several years, in a queer-cinema course I teach to university students, I have prefaced screenings of *Nowhere* with a content warning to end all content warnings: this movie features violence, substance abuse, eating disorders, rape, suicide, everything, you name it. And while over time more and more students have opted out of watching it, those with a stomach for the tough stuff have found the movie oddly consoling and even cathartic. Young people today are, after all, grappling with their own generation's apocalyptic conditions: mass shootings, climate disaster, surging authoritarianism, the profound disruption of their formative years wrought by the COVID-19 pandemic, and attacks on reproductive autonomy and LGBTQ rights. For all the ways it maps a quintessentially nineties psychosocial terrain, the Teen Apocalypse Trilogy will resonate as long as teenagers feel lost, restless, angry, and powerless—which is to say forever. *Nowhere* might well have been called *Now, Here.*

The concluding film of Araki's trilogy plays like the spiritual sequel to *Totally F***ed Up,* following an ensemble of characters as they live and die in LA. *Nowhere* is less direct in its references—by 1997, effective treatments for HIV were finally available—and even more eccentric in its characters and their discontents. Duval plays Dark, a doe-eyed melancholic who yearns for a deeper connection with Mel (Rachel True), his girlfriend, who is banging Lucifer (Kathleen Robertson) on the side. The appearance of a sweet-natured twink named Montgomery (Nathan Bexton) suggests the possibility of real intimacy in Dark's world until, in the uproarious conclusion, it very much does *not.*

The denouement entails the intermittent presence of an alien reptile equipped with a laser gun that only Dark can see. Swirling around him is a constellation of loosely associated frenemies, lovers, and siblings wrapped up in dramas big and small. Cowboy (Guillermo Diaz) is dating Bart (Jeremy Jordan), who struggles

with heroin addiction. Egg (Sarah Lassez) is seduced by an actor on *Baywatch* (Jaason Simmons), to catastrophic results. Alyssa (Jordan Ladd) fares better with her lover, Elvis (Thyme Lewis), a masochistic, deeply unhinged biker. Shad (Ryan Phillippe) and Lilith (Heather Graham) are mostly on hand to fuck nonstop. Other players in this madcap collective include personages named Zero, Dingbat, Ducky, and Handjob; the stacked cast includes appearances by, among others, Chiara Mastroianni, Christina Applegate, Scott Caan, Beverly D'Angelo, Traci Lords, Shannen Doherty, and John Ritter. Most of these folks end up at a raucous party thrown by a dude named Jujyfruit (Gibby Haynes, lead singer of the cult band Butthole Surfers) before dispersing into the night.

That Araki manages to cram so many performers into a movie that runs less than ninety minutes, while also granting each of them a razor-sharp turn even when allotted only a single scene, testifies to his ability to concentrate maximum effect into minimal space. *Nowhere* brings to its most accomplished state Araki's approach to narrative form, in which the organization of characters and events is largely unmoored from interior motivation and the overcoming of dramatic obstacles. In the absence of narrative convention, his movies operate in a diagrammatic manner: the characters are not so much developed as they are coded through stylization of costume, physiology, and body language. The plot, such as it is, initiates vectors of varying length and effectiveness: people are launched into diverse lines of action but rarely meet their targets. *Nowhere* is the movie as pinball machine, sending dozens of oddballs bumping and bouncing about until they tumble into a hole.

Nowhere is largely digressive in form, moving among its ensemble at whim. Charting the characters' journey to Jujyfruit's party affords the movie something of a narrative trajectory as well as a final stage for Araki's punk-pop aesthetic—"*Beverly Hills, 90210* on acid," in

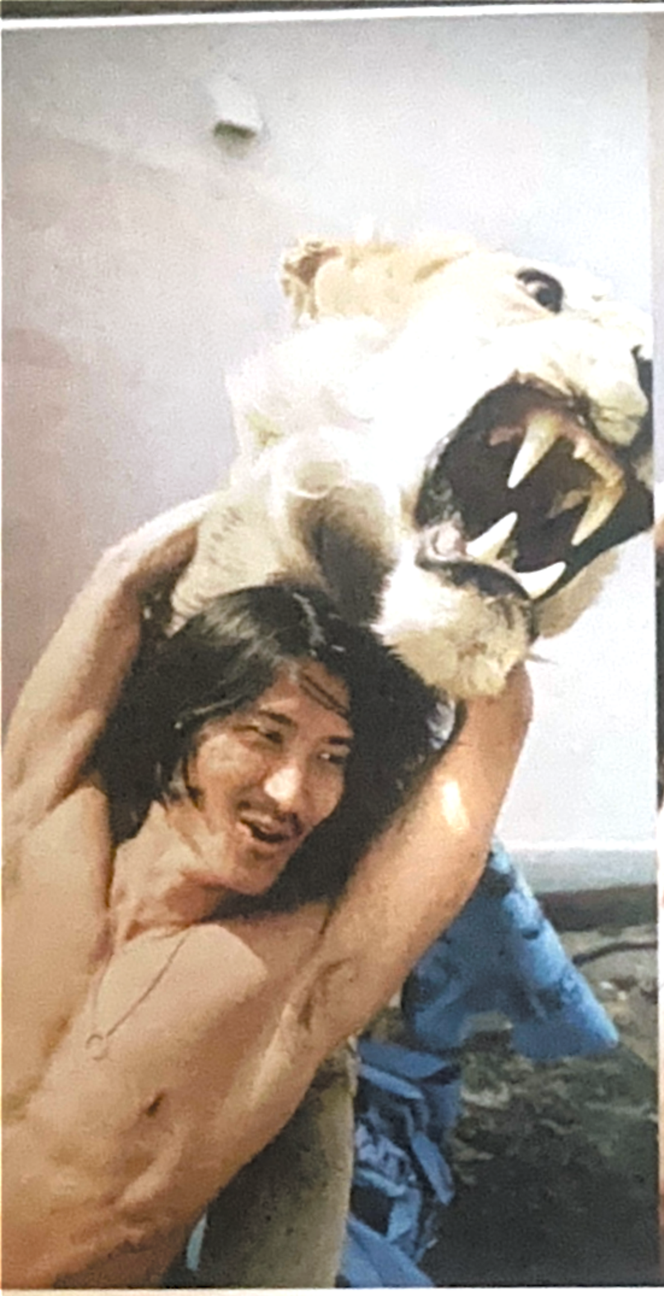
his words. What is most striking about *Nowhere* is how, amid its erratic plotting and audiovisual hurly-burly, the movie is deeply touching. Dark's yearning for intimacy, Bart's addiction, and Egg's experience of sexual assault are genuinely affecting—even though, as Rich remarked of the New Queer Cinema, this is not your daddy's humanism. That in each instance Araki immediately *reverses* these emotional effects with cosmic absurdity, corrosive humor, or hysterical melodrama strikes at the heart of what makes *Nowhere* one of the queerest of all queer films.

Araki's imagination is simply incapable of, and entirely uninterested in, playing it straight. We can look to one of his touchstones—the music of the Smiths—for an analogy. In songs like "Girlfriend in a Coma" and "Heaven Knows I'm Miserable Now," the band combines depressive lyrics with chipper pop melodies. The ethos of such music doesn't pit sarcasm against sincerity, or irony against depth of feeling, but understands these various tones and positions as, on their own, inadequate to capturing the (queer) mode of experience they aim to evoke. Just like the Smiths' songs, Gregg Araki's films are adolescent in the most powerful, purposeful sense, giving voice to the irreducible contradictions and affective clusterfuck of every kid who feels unlovable.

If, to quote a classic Smiths line, there is a light that never goes out in these movies, it's the gleam of leather jackets under neon signs, of TVs tuned to static, of the glint in the eye of someone, maybe someone, at long last someone, who might just love your messy ass back.

But probably not.

Nathan Lee is an assistant professor of film at Hollins University and a widely published critic.



Behind-the-scenes photos from the set of Nowhere *by Stéphane Sednaoui*

ABOUT THE MASTERS

These new restorations of the Teen Apocalypse Trilogy were supervised and approved by director Gregg Araki. The 2K restoration of *Totally F***ed Up* was created from the 16 mm original camera negative. The 4K restoration of *The Doom Generation* was created from a 35 mm interpositive, with a 35 mm answer print used for some scenes. The 4K restoration of *Nowhere* was created from the 35 mm original camera negative, with a 35 mm interpositive used for some scenes. The original 5.1 surround soundtracks were remastered from the magnetic tracks.

Colorists: FotoKem, Burbank, CA (*Totally F***ed Up*); Gregg Garvin/Roundabout Entertainment, Burbank (*The Doom Generation*, *Nowhere*) • Image restoration: FotoKem (*Totally F***ed Up*); Roundabout Entertainment (*The Doom Generation*, *Nowhere*) • Restoration postproduction supervisor: Beau J. Genot • Audio restoration: Trip Brock/Monkeyland Audio, Los Angeles • Disc mastering: NexSpec

SPECIAL THANKS

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PRODUCTION CREDITS

Producers: Elizabeth Pauker, Marcus Hu • Executive producers: Peter Becker, Kim Hendrickson, Fumiko Takagi, Andrew Turell, Jonathan Turell • Director of production: Angie Bucknell • Curatorial director: Ashley Clark • Technical director: Trevor Murray • Postproduction supervisor: Giles Sherwood • Media operations and library manager: Frannie Trempe • Research director: Valeria Rotella **Art** Art directors: Eric Skillman, Sarah Habibi • Designer: Fred Davis • Art production coordinator: William Brese • Print production artist: Craig Phillips • Art assistant: Julie Sussman • Menu animations: Stephen Horne **Editorial** Editorial director: Liz Helfgott • Editorial manager: Jenny Choi • Senior editors: Andrew Chan, Benjamin Mercer • Copy editor: Kit Duckworth **Audio** Audio supervisor: Ryan Hullings • Commentary producer: Elizabeth Pauker • Commentary recordist: Tony Diaz/Marc Graue Recording Studios, Burbank, CA • Commentary editor: Michael W. Wiese • Supplemental audio: James Emrick, Jeet Paul **Quality Control** QC and restoration manager: Stéphane Pecharman • QC: Ryan Connors, Sam LaBella • Disc QC manager: Betsy Jones

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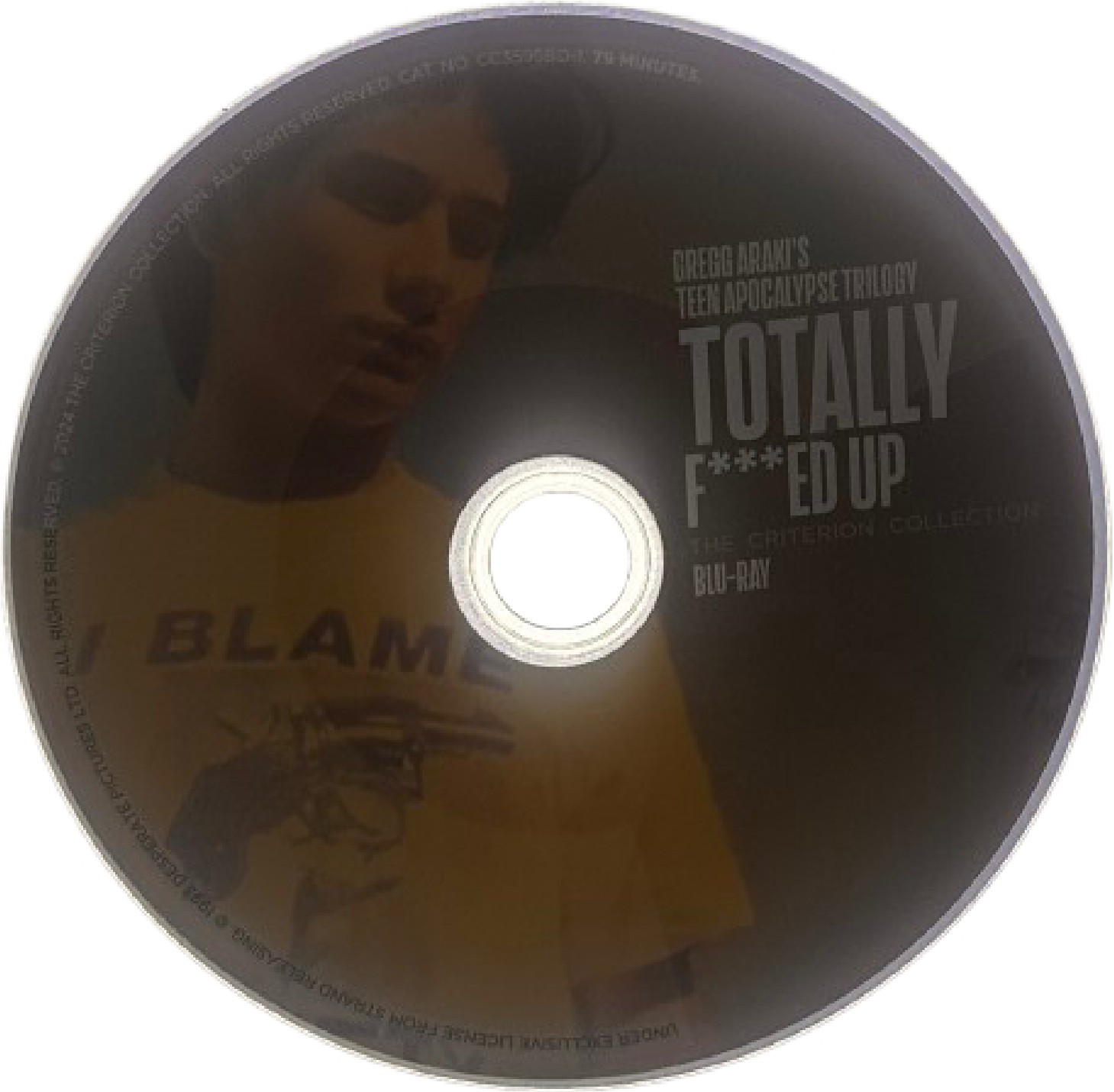
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